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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION.
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

RUSSIA. No. I.



WINTER TRAVELLING.

THE annexed engraving, illustrative of Winter travelling, was taken from a sketch, after a painting by Orloffski, a Polish amateur artist, of distinguished talent, whose pencil was devoted exclusively to subjects connected with the peculiarities of Russian costumes and scenery. At his death, the pictures forming his gallery, as well as a splendid and unique collection of the costumes, arms, and armour, of ancient Russia, and of the nomadic tribes subject to her dominion, were purchased by the emperor, and now adorn the Hermitage,—one of the imperial palaces in St. Petersburg.

Those who have been accustomed only to the fine roads,—the rapid and regular conveyances,—the clean, comfortable inns of England, can form but a very inadequate idea of the miseries attending a continental journey, more particularly in Russia, where, with the exception of the *Chaussée* from Moscow to St. Petersburg, the roads are execrable; the springless vehicles the most agonizing that can be imagined; and the post-houses so dirty, so comfortless, that the writer of this article has frequently passed the night in the open air, in his travelling-carriage, rather than be exposed to the filth, the swarms of vermin, and the disgusting effluvia that would have annoyed him within.

Excepting those on the great road, already mentioned, there are no stage-coaches in Russia. The traveller is consequently reduced to the alternative,

either of purchasing an equipage, or taking the rude vehicles of the country, and changing them at every stage.

His first preliminary before starting is, to give notice *three* days previously of his intention, to the head police-officer of his quarter, who gives him a certificate, attesting that he has no unliquidated debts, nor any law-suit pending: he then procures from the bureau of the "Grand-master of the Police," a passport, without which he would not be allowed to pass the city gates. His next step is to arrange the mode of conveyance: of these he has the choice of two. Upon the payment of a stated tax, amounting to about a farthing per mile for each horse, he may obtain a government order, called a *padoroshnee*, entitling him to demand relays at every station, for which he will pay for hire about three-fourths more for every horse. At each post-house, he will find a government-officer called a "*Smotretel*," or over-looker, whose duty it is to enregister his name, and furnish the horses, which the peasants are bound to supply. Or, he may contract with a class of men called *Yémshtchikee*, who will undertake to convey him to his destination within a specified time. The former plan is generally adopted by those to whom the trifling additional expense is not an object; the latter method is, from its novelty, perhaps, not unworthy of notice.

The *Yémshtchikee* are generally, but not exclusively, freedmen or crown vassals, who, together with

other immunities, enjoy an exemption from military service, upon condition of contracting with the government for the regular supply of horses for its couriers, and for post-office duty. They frequent, when in the cities, places called "postoyalee droee," or post-yards, situate in the principal streets entering the town. To these the traveller goes,—they assemble round him in great numbers,—he states the distance he wishes to be conveyed, and inquires the sum for which they will contract to take him;—a consultation follows, and a price is named, generally as much again as they intend to take;—he offers what he thinks a fair sum;—another and another eager consultation,—and at last, after long bargaining, the contract is made. He starts, and is driven two or three stages by the individual with whom he contracted, who then disposes of his bargain on the best terms he can to another, reserving to himself the difference,—the amount of which alone the traveller pays him. The same transfer is made at intervals upon the journey. Sometimes several may wish to take the contract: the question is then decided by lot, in a very singular way; one throws his whip into the air,—another seizes it in falling, and the two then grasp it alternately, hand over hand, till they reach the end, when he who last has hold of it is declared the winner.

The Yémshtchikee are a fine race of fellows; some of them, with their dark clustering hair, their ample beards, their sun-burnt features, and their brawny necks, would form studies for a Salvator Rosa,—there is an air of bold frankness about them which is highly pleasing. They have several melodies peculiar to themselves, which they sing almost without intermission the whole stage. (We shall hereafter furnish our readers with a few of these, accompanying them with a translation of the words.)

In fine weather, and over good roads, there is something delightfully exhilarating in sledge travelling: snugly enveloped in furs, whilst

..... The vault is blue
Without a cloud; and white without a speck,
The dazzling splendour of the scenes below,

the traveller glides swiftly along the level snow, enlivened by the tinkling of the sonorous bell, attached to an arch that rises over the head of the centre horse, and cheered or soothed, as his mood may be, by the wild, yet plaintive song of his Yémshtchik driver.

Cheerless as may be imagined

..... The deserts tost in snow,
And heavy loaded groves

of this frigid climate, yet are they not without their charms. In clear frosty weather, day-break, on a vast plain, is pre-eminently beautiful. The sober gray of dawn, first faintly streaked in the east, with a pale red tinge that gradually deepens into crimson, till the sun, lifting his broad-glowing disc above the horizon, pours his level beams on the unsullied purity of the snowy scene, that blushes and sparkles in his glance, as, glittering like gems upon its surface, countless icy crystals catch and refract his rays. In peculiar states of the atmosphere, the air is charged with innumerable atomic congelations, that dance and glisten in the sun-beams like minutest diamonds, tinged faintly of all the prismatic colours. They might almost be fancied stray particles of frozen light, so brilliantly vivid, yet so impalpably delicate are they, the reader cannot fail to have remarked, that when a stream of sun-light is permitted to fall into a darkened room, it appears filled with mote-like particles incessantly in movement; let him then imagine the whole circumambient air filled with these,

all glittering like little gems, and he will have some conception of this beautiful atmospheric phenomenon.

The forest, too, has its attractions. The snow, hanging in heavy masses on the pine-tree, and weighing down its branches, presents a striking contrast to the gloomy verdure of its dark foliage. The elegant weeping birch-tree is another object of interest, assuming the appearance of a delicate petrification, as the gracefully-slender fibres terminating its branches, droop to the very ground beneath the weight of their lucid covering.

With the approach of Spring, the scene changes. Beneath the increased power of the sun, the snow loses its resplendant whiteness—the gem-like icy crystals are dissolved—the fir is stript of its snowy mantle—the birch of its glossy covering. The great roads, becoming almost impracticable, are deserted, and sinuous bye-tracks are made over the adjacent plains, or through the forests that skirt the road; these, in a short time, are intersected by furrows, as regular as those of a ploughed field, but much deeper; their torturing monotony is, indeed, sometimes varied by the succession of deep holes, filled with half-melted snow, through which the unhappy traveller is whirled, plunging and splashing at every step. Fancy, reader, for a moment, the luxury of being driven in a taxed-cart, or dragged on a hurdle, over the frozen ridges of a ploughed field for the space of some five or six hours, and you will have some slight notion of the pleasures of travelling in Russia in the Spring of the year. All this might be endured with complacency, if the cleanly comforts of a decent inn could be calculated upon at the end of the stage,—no such thing is to be found in the whole empire, out of the principal cities. The only substitute is the peasant's, or yémshtchik's house, or the post-house; the latter is perhaps preferable, as there the traveller may probably get a leathern sofa, on which to rest his aching and almost dislocated bones; beds are quite out of the question, and refreshments of any kind almost equally so.

The Russian nobility in travelling, take with them everything that is necessary for the roads; bedding, rugs, provisions, culinary utensils, wax tapers, &c., with pastiles for fumigation, the latter a very necessary precaution, where the olfactories have not altogether lost their sensitiveness. They are invariably accompanied by their cook,—as in the majority of places, actually nothing is procurable, excepting black bread of the coarsest description, eggs, and sometimes milk; unless, indeed, the traveller be content to partake the peasants' luxury—boiled grain, eaten with hempseed-oil, as black and as thick as treacle, or a dish called *shtché*, a kind of cabbage-soup in which float a few straggling strips of beef.

It must be distinctly observed, however, that these remarks do not apply to the line of road between the two capitals, on which the inns are respectable, and not altogether destitute of the comforts of civilized life.

H. F.

To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.—JOHNSON.

THE enjoyment of travelling, like other pleasures, must be purchased at some little expense; and he whose good humour can be ruffled by every petty inconvenience he may chance to encounter, had unquestionably better remain at home.—T. H.

THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF WRITTEN CHARACTERS.

THE original language of mankind is placed, by the lapse of time, if from no other cause, far beyond the reach of all our research. Many attempts have, however, been made by learned men to decide what this language was, and although the end proposed has never been attained, our knowledge of existing languages and written characters has been much extended by their efforts.

The value* of the written characters of some nations of antiquity, are utterly unknown to the present generation; as, for instance, the Babylonian, and a few others.

Until within this few years, the hieroglyphic language of the ancient Egyptians was a sealed book to the modern student, but latterly much light has been thrown upon this subject by the labours of our own countryman, Dr. Young, and of M. Champollion; and as this language is perhaps the most ancient of which many remains exist, it is better adapted to the purpose of explaining the origin of written characters than any other.


It is a fact which cannot well be disputed, that spoken language was in use long before any attempt was made to express, ideas and things, by visible signs, but the progress of civilization would naturally press on the mind of man the necessity of adopting some means, by which he could place on record the principal events of his time.

A representation of the event itself would be the result of the first attempt, and we should have a rude historical picture; but the extreme labour of such a mode of proceeding would soon be apparent, and we may suppose that the next method employed would be more simple. Supposing the subject recorded to have been a battle. In the first instance we might have a representation of the battle-field and all its accompaniments; the next attempt would show the conqueror with several dead bodies on the ground around him: this would certainly not be a correct representation of the occurrence, but still it would stand as the sign of a battle. If the conqueror and several bodies answer the purpose, why would not one be sufficient? both would be conventional, not real, representations of the occurrence. Why, indeed, need there be any figures at all? two swords crossed would convey the same meaning. By this means a simple figure of some object peculiar to the transaction would represent the event itself. The figures of objects, as, for instance, a king, an eagle, a lion, an owl, a bunch of grapes, &c., would give an idea of the names by which each of these objects are known; but a simple catalogue of various creatures and things would form but a sorry language.

The next improvement would most likely be, the employing certain animals, &c., as symbols of the qualities for which they are famous. Thus, for instance, a lion might stand for strength, an eagle for swiftness, a fox for cunning, &c.; and if these figures were added to the representation of a king, or of a crown, which might stand for a king, the picture would convey the idea of a king possessing these qualities. This method of expressing ideas by the images of things would open a wide field for the improvement of a written language; and many little conventional signs might be introduced to express number, sex, &c., and so long as the habits of a nation remained the same, this language would be tolerably intelligible. But supposing the reverses which overtake all communities of men, were to oc-

casione the conquest of this country in particular, and fresh hordes with different manners, were to spread through the land, the conventional meaning of these signs would be gradually lost, and the pictures would become unintelligible. These hieroglyphics would, therefore, be at an immense distance from a written language, in which signs should express sounds. But the resources of the mind of man naturally tend to the improvement of all the arts of life; and the invention of letters was the ultimate result of these rude pictorial representations of objects.

We have already said that the remains of ancient Egyptian written language offers the best illustration of the origin and progress of alphabetical writing. The view taken of this language by Champollion will best elucidate the subject. According to this learned Frenchman, the characters of the language of the Egyptians may be divided into three kinds, which he calls the *Hieroglyphic*, the *Hieratic*, and the *Demotic*; the first being images of visible objects, the second outlines of the whole, or parts of the same objects, and the last still more imperfect representations,—a kind of running-hand. The meaning of these figures he considers to be threefold; that is, they are capable of being taken in three different senses,—*figurative* *symbolic*, and *phonetic*.

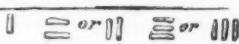
First, *figurative proper*, when the figure, an eagle, for instance, simply means an eagle; and *figurative conventional* when the hieroglyphic is not a real, but an assumed likeness of the object; as, for instance, a curved line thus,  with several stars, is supposed to represent the sky. *Symbolic*, when the image is the symbol of a word or idea,—as, for instance, an eagle might mean swiftness; and *phonetic* when the object represents a sound or letter.


In the case of the eagle, the sound of the letter A is implied; and the reason of this seems to be that the Egyptian word for an eagle is *Ahôm*, the first letter of which is A. In the same manner a lion stands for L, the Egyptian word being *Laboi*. From this practice of considering the image of an animal or object to represent its first letter, it arises, that the same letter may assume different forms; and in spelling a person's name, for instance, advantage may be taken of these various forms to bestow a compliment, or pass a censure. A Lion introduced as a letter L, in the name of a hero would be appropriate enough; but the implication on his valour would be apparent, if, instead of this courageous brute, a Lamb was introduced. As an illustration of this subject, we subjoin a few of the letters of the Egyptian alphabet.

Letter.	Object.	Egyptian Name.
A	An Eagle . . .	Ahôm.
B	A Censer . . .	Berhe.
K	A Knee	Keli.
K	A Basin	Knikiiji.
R	A Mouth . . .	Râ.

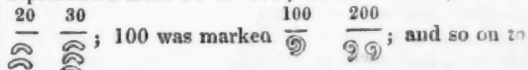

The numerals of the Egyptians were simple; from 1 to 9 were expressed by short lines, thus,—


1 2 and so on; 10 was marked



in this manner,  A repetition of these arches

represented from 10 to 100; as for instance,—

; 100 was marked  and so on to

1000 which was written thus 

* Sound or meaning.

There are certain signs, even in modern languages, which are strictly hieroglyphic. The Germans, when pressed for room, write thus, the + of, the cross meaning death; and square miles is thus written, □ miles.

The Hebrew alphabet was, no doubt, originally derived from the figures of animals or other things, as the name of each letter refers to some visible object, as, for instance:—

English Letter.	Hebrew Letter.	Hebrew Name.	Meaning.
A	א	Aleph . . .	An Ox.
B	ב	Beth . . .	A House.
G	ג	Gimel . . .	A Camel.
P	פ	Pe	A Mouth.

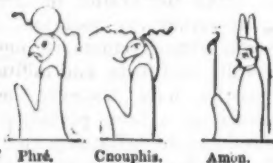
The annexed engraving will give some idea of the four different kinds of Egyptian characters; by this it will be seen, that in some cases the derivation of the Demotic character is to be traced, through its various gradations, from the original pure hieroglyphic, while in others the resemblance is utterly lost.

Letter	Pure Hieroglyphic.	Linear Hieroglyphic.	Hieratic Character.	Demotic Character.
K				
M				
L				

We shall now endeavour to illustrate the subject by a few examples, pointing out the various meanings attached to the Egyptian characters, under different circumstances.

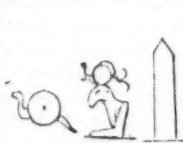
The names of the Gods were in general expressed by symbols and not by letters; "in the same manner, the Jews never wrote at full length the ineffable name of Jehovah, but always expressed it by a short mark, which they pronounced ADONAI." These representations were of two kinds, *figurative*, in which the name of the Deity is implied by the form in which he was represented in his statue, and *symbolic*, in which a part of the statue, or some object having a reference to the Deity, was employed, as for instance:—

FIGURATIVE NAMES OF GODS.



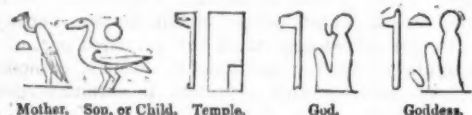
Phré. Cnouphis. Amon.

SYMBOLIC NAMES OF GODS.



Phré. Cnouphis. Amon.

Many words were also expressed by symbols, of which the following are examples.



Mother. Son, or Child. Temple. God. Goddess.

The first, a vulture, with a half circle, represents the word mother. For what reason the Egyptians employed this bird as a symbol of maternity, we are unable to discover at the present day; and, perhaps, the meaning of the character would not have been known, had it not have been for the mention made of it by an ancient author. The next, an egg, or circle over a goose might even now be considered as not an

inappropriate emblem, the egg being the produce of the bird, and implying *progeny*. The word temple is expressed by the outline of the ground-plan of a house, and a hatchet, which frequently accompanies the representation of a God; so that a temple is, literally, the house of a Deity. The word God is an image and the hatchet; and Goddess is the same, with the exception of the image being without a beard, and accompanied by the half circle, the sign of the feminine gender.

Although these methods of expressing words by symbols are very frequent, still the true key to the hieroglyphics, rests in a knowledge of the Phonetic Alphabet, in which every figure represents a letter or sound. We have already pointed out to whom we are indebted for this discovery, we shall now endeavour to show in what manner this took place.

The French, when digging the foundations of Fort St. Julian, at Rosetta, in Egypt, dug up a mutilated block of basalt, on which an inscription was sculptured in three different characters,—the Hieroglyphic, the Demotic, and the Greek. The Greek characters, although very ancient, and extremely difficult to decipher, were translated by several learned men, and particularly by Professor Porson, the eminent Greek scholar; the inscription was found to contain a decree in favour of Ptolemy Epiphanes.

It had already been tolerably well ascertained, that hieroglyphics contained within a boundary, like those in the next engravings, were the representatives of a proper name; finding, then, how often a certain name, for instance, Cleopatra, occurred in the Greek text, and in what parts of the inscription this name was placed, it was reasonable to expect that the same number of groups of characters resembling each other, would be found in similar parts of the hieroglyphic and demotic portion of the inscription; the Greek method of spelling these names was also known; taking then, for instance, the hieroglyphics of the name Cleopatra, and arranging them as in the engraving, each figure would be supposed to represent the letter we have placed against it; but here we find there is one figure to spare, the half circle in front of the second eagle; this was afterwards discovered to be the feminine sign, and implied that the name was that of a female; this would be a great step towards the discovery of the alphabet, and if the value assigned to each figure held good in other cases, the interpretation might be considered correct. This test has been applied to the discovery in very many instances, and with perfect success: we subjoin two names as a further illustration.



S E E M O T



S K E E R

It is to be understood that the characters are to be read from that side towards which the figures look. The first name is PTOLMEES, in Greek, Ptolemais, and in English, Ptolemy. The second is that of a female, as the egg and half circle imply, BRNEEKS, in Greek Berenice, and in English the same. In both these instances, only those vowels which are necessary to assist in the sound of the word are retained; in some cases, the name of their Deities are expressed *phonetically*, the characters representing the letters of the name being placed before an image—the image meaning the word God.



It is in this manner that the key to the ancient writing of the Egyptians has been discovered; but it is one thing to read the letters of a word, and another to understand its meaning: this, however, it is hoped time and study will ultimately develop, since the modern Coptic is but a dialect of the ancient Egyptian, and is spoken, it is said, with considerable purity, by some of the mountaineers of Abyssinia.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND,

BY AN AMERICAN.

No country in Europe, at the present day, probably none that ever flourished at any preceding period of ancient or of modern times, ever exhibited so strongly the outward marks of general industry, wealth, and prosperity. The misery that exists, whatever it may be, retires from public view; and the traveller sees no traces of it except in the beggars,—which are not more numerous than they are on the continent,—in the courts of justice, and in the newspapers. On the contrary, the impressions he receives from the objects that meet his view are almost uniformly agreeable. He is pleased with the great attention paid to his personal accommodation as a traveller; with the excellent roads, and the conveniences of the public carriages and inns. The country everywhere exhibits the appearance of high cultivation, or else of wild and picturesque beauty; and even the unimproved lands are disposed with taste and skill, so as to embellish the landscape very highly, if they do not contribute, as they might, to the substantial comfort of the people. From every eminence extensive parks and grounds, spreading far and wide over hill and vale, interspersed with dark woods, and variegated with bright waters, unroll themselves before the eye, like enchanted gardens. And while the elegant constructions of the modern proprietors fill the mind with images of ease and luxury, the mouldering ruins that remain of former ages, of the castles and churches of their feudal ancestors, increase the interest of the picture by contrast, and associate with it poetical and affecting recollections of other times and manners. Every village seems to be the chosen residence of Industry, and her handmaids, Neatness and Comfort; and, in the various parts of the island, her operations present themselves under the most amusing and agreeable variety of forms. Sometimes her votaries are mounting to the skies in manufactories of innumerable stories in height, and sometimes diving in mines into the bowels of the earth, or dragging up drowned treasures from the bottom of the sea. At one time the ornamented grounds of a wealthy proprietor seem to realize the fabled Elysium; and again, as you pass in the

evening through some village engaged in the iron manufacture, where a thousand forges are feeding at once their dark-red fires, and clouding the air with their volumes of smoke, you might think yourself, for a moment, a little too near some drearier residence.

The aspect of the cities is as various as that of the country. Oxford, in the silent, solemn grandeur of its numerous collegiate palaces, with their massy stone walls, and vast interior quadrangles, seems like the deserted capital of some departed race of giants. At Liverpool, on the contrary, all is bustle, brick and business. Everything breathes of modern times, every body is occupied with the concerns of the present moment, excepting one elegant scholar, who unites a singular resemblance to the Roman face and dignified person of our Washington, with the magnificent spirit and intellectual accomplishments of his own Italian hero*.

At every change in the landscape, you fall upon monuments of some new race of men, among the number that have in their turn inhabited these islands. The mysterious monument of Stonehenge†, standing remote and alone upon a bare and boundless heath, as much unconnected with the events of past ages as it is with the uses of the present, carries you back, beyond all historical records, into the obscurity of a wholly unknown period. Perhaps the Druids raised it; but by what machinery could these half-barbarians have wrought and moved such immense masses of rock? By what fatality is it, that, in every part of the globe, the most durable impressions that have been made upon its surface where the work of races now entirely extinct? Who were the builders of the pyramids, and the massy monuments of Egypt and India? Who constructed the Cyclopean walls of Italy and Greece, or elevated the innumerable and inexplicable mounds, which are seen in every part of Europe, Asia, and America; or the ancient forts upon the Ohio, on whose ruins the third growth of trees is now more than four hundred years old? All these constructions have existed through the whole period within the memory of man, and will continue, when all the architecture of the present generation, with its high civilization and improved machinery, shall have crumbled into dust. Stonehenge will probably remain unchanged, when the banks of the Thames shall be as bare as Salisbury Heath. But the Romans had something of the spirit of these primitive builders, and they left everywhere distinct traces of their passage. Half the castles in Great Britain were founded, according to tradition, by Julius Cæsar; and abundant vestiges remain, throughout the island, of their walls, and forts, and military roads. Most of their castles, have, however, been built upon, and augmented at a later period, and belong, with more propriety, to the brilliant period of Gothic architecture. Thus the keep of Warwick dates from the time of Cæsar, while the castle itself, with its lofty battlements, extensive walls, and large enclosures, bears witness to the age, when every Norman chief was a military despot within his own barony.

To this period appertains the principal part of the magnificent Gothic monuments, castles, cathedrals, abbeys, priories, and churches, in various stages of preservation and of ruin; some, like Warwick and Alnwick castles, like Salisbury Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, in all their original perfection; others, like Kenilworth and Canterbury, little more than a rude mass of earth and rubbish; and others, again, in the intermediate stages of decay, borrowing a sort

* Mr. Roscoe, the accomplished individual here referred to, is since dead.

† See Saturday Magazine, Vol. I., p. 185.

of charm from their very ruin, and putting on their dark-green robes of ivy to conceal the ravages of time, as if the luxuriant bounty of nature were purposely throwing a veil over the frailty and feebleness of art. What a beautiful and brilliant vision was this Gothic architecture, shining out as it did from the deepest darkness of feudal barbarism! And here, again, by what fatality has it happened that the moderns, with all their civilization and improved taste, have been as utterly unsuccessful in rivalling the divine simplicity of the Greeks, as the rude grandeur of the Cyclopeans and ancient Egyptians? Since the revival of art in Europe, the builders have confined themselves wholly to a graceless and unsuccessful imitation of ancient models. Strange, that the only new architectural conception of any value, subsequent to the time of Phidias, should have been struck out at the worst period of society that has since occurred! Sometimes the moderns, in their laborious poverty of invention, heap up small materials in large masses, and think that St. Peter's or St. Paul's will be as much more sublime than the Parthenon, as they are larger; at others, they condescend to a servile imitation of the wild and native graces of the Gothic; as the Chinese, in their stupid ignorance of perspective, can still copy, line by line, and point by point, an European picture. But the Norman castles and churches, with all their richness and sublimity, fell with the power of their owners at the rise of the Commonwealth. The Independents were levellers of substance as well as form; and the material traces they left of their ancestors, are the ruins of what their predecessors had built. The effects of the change in society that has since occurred, are seen in the cultivated fields, the populous and thriving cities the busy ports, and the general prosperous appearance of the country.

All the various aspects that I have mentioned, present themselves in turns; and, having gradually succeeded to each other, their contrasts are never too rude, and they harmonize together so as to make up a most agreeable picture. Sometimes, as at Edinburgh, the creations of ancient and of modern days, the old and new towns, have placed themselves very amicably side by side, like Fitz James and Rhoderic Dhu reposing on the same plaid; while at London, the general emporium and central point of the whole system, every variety of origin and social existence is defaced, and all are coagulated in one uniform though heterogeneous mass.—EVERETT.

THE WEIGHT OF TESTIMONY.

TALKING of persons who deny the truth of Christianity, Dr. Johnson said, "It is always easy to be on the negative side. If a man were now to deny that there is salt upon the table, you could not reduce him to an absurdity. Come, let us try this a little further. I deny that Canada is taken, and I can support my denial by pretty good arguments. The French are a much more numerous people than we, and it is not likely that they would allow us to take it. 'But the Ministry have assured us, in all the formalities of the Gazette, that it is taken.' Very true, but the Ministry have put us to an enormous expense by the war in America, and it is their interest to persuade us that we have got something for our money. 'But the fact is confirmed by thousands of men who were at the taking of it.' Aye, but these men have still more interest in declaring it. They don't want that you should think that the French have beat them, but that they have beat the French. Now suppose that you should go over and find that it really is taken, that would only satisfy yourself, for when you come home we will not believe you;—we will say you have been bribed. Yet, sir, notwithstanding all these plausible objections, we have no doubt that Canada is really ours. Such is the weight of common testimony. How much stronger are the evidences of the Christian religion!" —From BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

FEBRUARY.

How wonderful the Laws assign'd
To all the Vegetable kind!
By what mysterious pow'r imprest,
Does every plant, that opens its breast
To gratulate the year's sweet prime,
And glad with fruit the autumnal time,
To bloom and ripe its season know,
And by fix'd laws of being grow?
Why, now that many a lingering Flower
Awaits the later vernal hour,
Summer's or Autumn's warmer glow;
Do these their charms maturer show
To Spring's first wooing, nor forbear
The blasts and chilling frosts to dare?
While still the unbroken bands of sleep
The forest and the coppice keep
In torpid slumber; why do these,
Awak'd before their brother Trees,
Start forward on their annual race?
Whence is it, who the cause can trace,
Why from each known appropriate root,
Or scatter'd seed, is seen to shoot
The same unerring plant; the same
In stem, and stalk, and leaf, and frame
Of parts combin'd, and beauteous hue?
Why is the lowly Speedwell blue?
The Strawberry white? the Nettle spread
With yellowish white, or purplish red?
What gives the Fieawort's golden sheen?
The Hellebores their blossoms green,
One purple tipp'd, the other still
Verdant throughout? the Daffodil,
Why is it robed in yellow bright?
The Violet, now in modest white,
Now in bright purple? Why do some
Breathe on the air a rich perfume,
Of joy and sweetness redolent;
While others yield a vapid scent,
Perchance distasteful? Why of size,
And shape, and native properties,
Diversified? and why they dwell
Some here, some there? while these rebel
'Gainst change of site, why those display
A kind compliance? who can say,
By what nice chemistry they breed
The germ, the seed-chest, and the seed?
Why that small crimson tuft should shoot
And form the Hazel's kernel'd fruit?
And that green cup should give to view
The scarlet berry of the Yew?
Whence is it neither can produce,
Or tuft or cup, its destin'd use,
Unless on each impregnate head
Their dust those bursting anthers shed?
Whence is it, wafted on the wind,
The dust, according to its kind,
Finds its appropriate place, decreed
To lodge and fructify the seed;
And with the appointed offspring swells
The pulpy cups or harden'd shells?
Howe'er the process we pursue,
And step by step with anxious view
Explore of each the guiding laws,
The scope, and end, and moving cause:
Tho' sage experience trace the course
Of times of secondary force;
Yet oft for each gradation fine,
And ever for the first design,
Of ignorance convict, we fall
Back on the primal Cause of all:
And rest on His creative will,
Who all his works with sovereign skill
Ideas in his perfect mind;
And each, "according to its kind,"
Ordain'd amid the fertile field
To spring, to bloom, its "fruit to yield,"
And "in itself its seed" to bear;
And, as He order'd, "so they were *."

* Gen. i. 11.

[BISHOP'S MANT'S *British Menzies*.]

THE guilt of eulogizing or apologizing for wicked actions
is second only to that of committing them —SOUTHEY.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

VOLNEY BECKNER, born in the year 1748, at Londonderry, in Ireland, was the son of a poor illiterate sailor. But though Providence had denied him the advantages of birth and fortune, his mind was gifted with qualities which could scarcely have failed to lead to honourable distinction. He received no other instruction than such as related to a seafaring life, which his father, naturally enough, designed him to follow. He possessed great bodily strength and activity, united with remarkable sagacity and quickness of comprehension; and from his earliest infancy displayed such determined courage and resolution, and such elevation of soul, that the captain of a vessel in which he served, used to point him out as a model to other young seamen, and on one occasion did not scruple to say, "If this boy continues to display the same courage and good conduct, I doubt not, that in time he will obtain a post superior to my own."

In fact, he was continually exhibiting traits of daring: he never recoiled from the prospect of danger; and his adventurous spirit delighted in the performance of any duty, the danger of which was likely to intimidate other youths.

In 1760, Beckner, then twelve years of age, and his father, were making a voyage from Port-au-Prince, in the West India island of St. Domingo, to France. Among the passengers on board, was a rich American, with his infant daughter. This child one day slipping away from her nurse, ran to the head of the vessel, and whilst scrambling about there fell overboard. The elder Beckner saw her fall, and with the quickness of lightning, plunged into the waves to save her. In a few seconds, he had seized the child, and while he clasped her to his bosom with one arm, he strove to regain the vessel by swimming with the other; when, to his consternation, he perceived a large shark advancing rapidly towards him. He cried aloud for help. In a moment all the passengers and crew were upon deck; but though all shuddered at the imminent danger of the courageous sailor, no one durst venture to his assistance. They began, however, a brisk fire against the shark, which, regardless of the noise, kept still advancing, and had nearly reached its object. In this moment of horror and dismay, a generous impulse of filial tenderness and heroism prompted a boy to perform what vigorous and brave men had not the courage to dare. Young Beckner, seeing the extremity of the danger to which his father was exposed, seized a well-sharpened sword, and plunged with it into the sea. He was an excellent swimmer, having been accustomed by his father to the water as soon as he could go alone. Getting behind the shark, he dived underneath its belly, and then with equal skill, steadiness, and resolution, thrust his weapon into the animal to the very hilt. Writhing with pain, the voracious animal abandoned its intended prey in order to turn its fury upon its young assailant.

A fearful sight now presented itself to the spectators in the vessel, who stood absorbed in anxious horror and expectation. The youth, nothing daunted by the formidable appearance and superiority of his enemy, continued for some time the unequal contest. Whilst the huge animal was twisting and turning to seize its prey, the boy plunged his sword again and again into his body. But his strength was not sufficient to inflict a mortal wound; and the young hero soon found it necessary to relinquish the contest, and to endeavour to regain the vessel.

The crew had, meanwhile, thrown out ropes to the father and his spirited son; but for some time, the motion of the waves, and the necessity of escaping the imminent danger from the incensed shark, prevented them from availing themselves of these means of escape. At length they succeeded in each grasping one of the numerous ropes that were thrown out. All on board now lent their assistance to draw them up by main strength. Both father and son were soon above the water, and suspended by the ropes. Their rescue appeared certain.

The enraged and bleeding shark perceived that its prey was on the point of escaping. With the sagacity of natural instinct, and stimulated by the natural impulse of vengeance, the monster now collected all his energies, and making one mighty bound, caught between its powerful teeth the unfortunate boy as he clung to the rope, severing its victim into two parts, one of which it instantly devoured. At this appalling scene, the spectators raised an involuntary cry of horror, and stood fixed in sorrow and amazement. They then applied themselves to help the father, who safely reached the vessel with the little girl, the cause of this painful calamity.

Such was the end, at once frightful and generous, of Volney Beckner, when little more than twelve years of age. His life was destined to be short, but it was sufficient to afford a most striking illustration of intrepidity and filial love, and to offer a noble example to the admiration of youthful posterity.

SPLENDID APPEARANCE OF JAMAICA.

THIS beautiful isle, happily screened by Cuba and Hispaniola from the tempestuous winds of the Atlantic, and peculiarly adapted for an extensive and profitable commerce with the adjacent continent, by reason of the number and disposition of its excellent havens, is really one of our most valuable colonies. Jamaica is somewhat of an oval shape, with an elevated ridge, called the "Blue Mountains," (towering in some places to nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea,) running longitudinally through the isle east and west, and occasionally intersected by other high ridges, traversing from north to south; approaching the sea on the south coast in gigantic spines of sharp ascent—difficult of access, and clothed with dense and sombre forests;—on the north declining into lovely mounds and round-topped hills, covered with groves of pimento, and all the exquisite verdure of the tropics,—the *coup d'œil* presenting a splendid panorama of high mountains, embosomed in clouds, and vast savannahs, or plains, hills and vales, rivers, bays, and creeks. The midland is spread for an extent of many miles, with an infinite number of round-topped hills, whose surface, covered with a loose lime-stone, or honey-combed rock, is clothed with fine cedar and other trees, of enormous bulk; the dales or cock-pits meandering between these hummocks contain a rich soil, of great depth, where the succulent Guinea-grass forms a perfect carpet of ever-verdant beauty. When viewed at a distance from Point Morant, (the southernmost high land on the coast,) the picture is splendid; the Blue Mountains appear above the stratum of clouds which roll along their precipitous sides,—beneath, the rugged hills are furrowed with ravines, and steep cliffs descend abruptly to the sea; and on a nearer approach, lofty forests are seen, and slopes of bright emerald green. —MARTIN'S *British Colonies*.

I LOVE to observe with what fondness Americans cherish the memory of their descent, and their intimate connexion with Europe. In many families, cups, plates, and chairs, are shown you, which their forefathers brought over with them. Two large yew trees, cut in the stiff and cramped style of the early part of the last century, are fondly and justly nursed in the garden of a friend of mine. —*German Stranger in America*.

THE USEFUL ARTS. No. XXI.

ANIMALS USED IN HUNTING.

WE proceed to notice the different varieties of Dogs, and the few other animals of whose assistance the hunter avails himself.

THE MASTIFF, though not the largest, is the strongest of all dogs, and accordingly it has always been selected for hunting the larger and fiercer beasts of prey. Three Mastiffs have been considered as a match for a full-grown lion. At the present day this dog is chiefly kept for house-guards, an occupation for which their great strength, their attachment and fidelity to those they know, and their ferocity towards strangers, admirably adapt them.

THE BULL-DOG appears to be a sub-variety of the Mastiff; it is remarkable only for its invincible courage, or rather powers of endurance, and has been known to return to the attack of a bull after being successively deprived of its four feet; for what is more astonishing than the fact itself is, that the horrible experiment was once made by a brute of the human species. This dog has no other quality to recommend it, and is a favourite only with persons of the coarsest and most brutal tastes, who delight in witnessing animal suffering.

The annexed representations of the Mastiff and Greyhound, show the great difference in form which cultivation or climate, or both united, can produce in the same species of animal; for that all dogs, whatever may be their size, or the length and texture of their fur, are but varieties of one species, is proved by that infallible test, that they all breed freely with each other, and the offspring are also prolific.

The term *hound* is the common name of several varieties of dogs that hunt, both by sight and by scent, but which

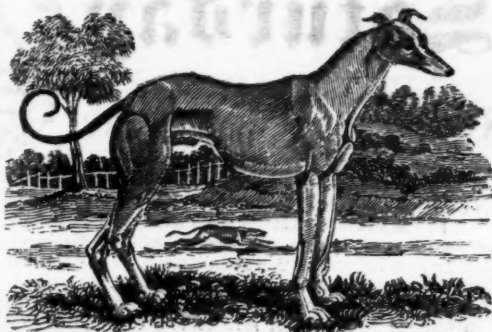


THE MASTIFF

differ greatly in size and form. The BLOOD-HOUND claims precedence, as, perhaps, exhibiting the animal in its greatest perfection, both as to size, form, and qualifications. This dog was employed during the Middle Ages to track fugitives and criminals,—a duty which it performed with an intelligence and perseverance that excited admiration, in times when the true nature of justice was so ill understood, as that the execution of her decrees should be left to the doubtful instinct of an animal. If, as has been supposed, the magnificent dogs kept at the Convent of the Great St. Bernard* are of this breed, their present employment presents a striking moral contrast to that just alluded to, though it is the same instinct and qualifications in the animal that gave rise to both.

The GREYHOUND presents the greatest contrast, in every respect, to most other dogs; so much so, that, if it were not for the test above-mentioned, it would be difficult to believe it was only a variety of the same species. The small slender head and pointed muzzle; and the delicate and graceful form of its body and limbs, are not more unlike those of the Mastiff or Blood-hound, than its dull sense of smelling, fleetness of motion, and inferior intelligence, differ from the acute scent, steady pace, and sagacity of the last-named, and, indeed, of most other dogs. Except the Antelope and Ostrich no land animal exceeds the Greyhound in swiftness; it is hence chiefly employed at present in that branch of hunting called *coursing*, a brace of the dogs being set to run down the prey after it has been started by others, and which they generally do in a few minutes, without losing sight of it.

* See Saturday Magazine, Vol. II., p. 177.

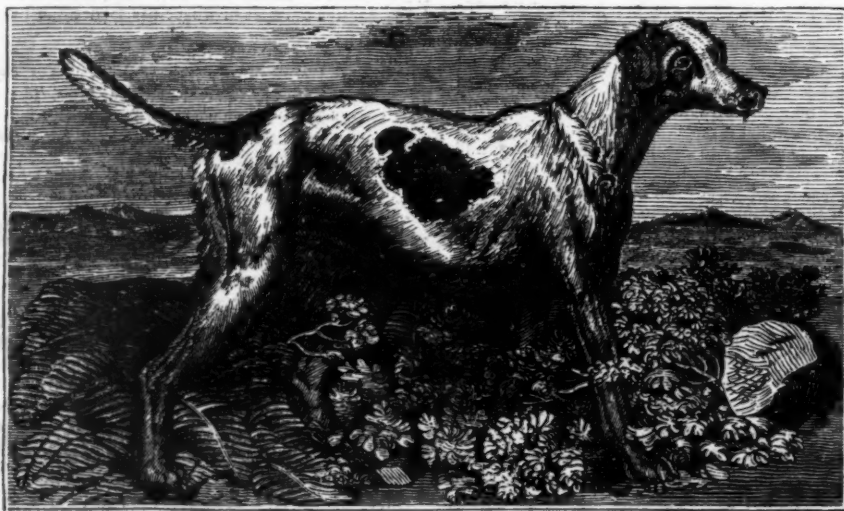


THE GREYHOUND.

The FOX-HOUND, HARRIER, and BEAGLE, though distinct enough to the sportman's eye, may be here classed together; they are small breeds, much cultivated and prized in this country for what is usually termed *hunting*; but except the name, this occupation has nothing in common with our subject. These dogs hunt chiefly by scent.

The POINTER is another variety of the Hound, possessing an instinctive action, which, when improved by education, renders it a most valuable auxiliary to a hunter, that of standing suddenly still when it first scents its prey, and snuffing the air in the direction in which it lies; most probably the result of a concentration of the dog's attention, for the purpose of ascertaining that direction more precisely. The object of the education is to prevent the animal from doing what it would otherwise naturally do, run in upon the prey to secure it; the trained Pointer, instead of so doing, stands perfectly quiet till the sportsman, by advancing in the direction in which his dog points, starts the birds and shoots them. That this act of pointing is partly a natural instinct, appears from the fact, that the puppies before training will do it when first taken out into the field.

The TERRIER differs widely from all the foregoing, approaching in its instincts and character the nearly-allied species, the Fox. There are two principal sub-varieties, the long and the short haired; the former being that most connected with our present subject. The Terrier is an active, intelligent dog, with a decided hostility to all strongly-smelling small animals, its own relative, the Fox, not excluded. It derives its name from its pertinacity in scratching away the earth to get at such of its foes as burrow; and its mode of destroying them is by seizing them by the neck and shaking them to death. It is hence employed by hunters to unearth such animals, or to force them from their holes; and as its sagacity, fidelity, and docility admit of its being taught almost anything, it is an universal favourite.



THE POINTER.